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DIVINE SONGS

ATTEMPTED IN
EASY LANGUAGE,

FOR THE USE OF

CHILDREN.

BY I. WATTS, D. D.

*Out of the Mouth of Babes and Sucklings thou hast perfected
Praise.....Matt. xxi. 16.*

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
THE PRINCIPLES
OF THE
CHRISTIAN RELIGION,
IN PLAIN AND EASY VERSE.

BY P. DODDRIDGE, D. D.

NEW-YORK:

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JOHN TIEBOUT,
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SCHOOL-BOOKS,

ENTERTAINING HISTORIES,

NOVELS, ROMANCES,

&c. &c. &c.

PREFACE.

MY FRIENDS,

IT is an awful and important charge that is committed to you. The wisdom and welfare of the succeeding generation are entrusted with you beforehand, and depend much on your conduct. The seeds of misery or happiness in this world, and that to come, are oftentimes sown very early ; and, therefore, whatever may conduce to give the minds of Children a relish for virtue and religion, ought in the first place, to be proposed to you.

Verse was at first designed for the service of God, though it hath been wretchedly abused since. The antients among the *Jews* and the *Heathens*, taught their Children and Disciples the precepts of morality and worship in verse. The children of *Israel* were commanded to learn the song of *Moses*, Deut. xxxi. 19. 20. and we are directed in the New Testament, not only to sing with grace in the heart, but to teach and admonish one another by Hymns and Songs, *Eph.* v. 19.

The greatest part of this little book was composed several years ago, at the request

of a friend, who has been long engaged in the work of catechising a very great number of Children of all kinds, and with abundant skill and success. So that you will find here nothing that favors of a party : the Children of high and low degree, of the Church of *England*, or Dissenters, baptised in infancy, or not, may all join together in these Songs. And as I have endeavored to sink the language to the level of a Child's understanding, and yet to keep it (if possible) above contempt : so I have designed to profit all (if possible) and offend none. I hope the more general the sense is, these composures may be of the more universal use and service.

I have added to the end some attempts of Sonnets on *Moral Subjects*, for Children with an air of pleasantry, to provoke some fitter pen to write a little book of them.

May the Almighty God make you faithful in this important work of education : may he succeed your cares with his abundant grace, that the rising generation may be a glory and pattern to the Christian world, and a blessing to the earth.

DIVINE SONGS,

FOR CHILDREN.



S O N G I.

A general Song of Praise to God.

- 1 How glorious is our heav'nly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty?
- 2 How great his pow'r is none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace :
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high, before his face.

- 3 Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search his secret will ;
But they perform his heav'nly word,
And sing his praises still.
- 4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first-offerings bring ;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.
- 5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

S O N G II.

Praise for Creation and Providence.

- 1 I SING th' almighty pow'r of God,
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food ;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn my eye !
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.
- 5 There's not a plant or flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creatures (as numerous as they be)
Are subject to thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.
- 7 In heav'n he shines with beams of love !
With wrath in hell beneath !
'Tis on his earth I stand or move
And 'tis his air I breathe.
- 8 His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with his eye ;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is forever nigh ?

S O N G III.

Praise to God for our Redemption.

- 1 BLEST be the wisdom and the pow'r,
The justice and the grace,
That join'd in council to restore
And save our ruin'd race.

- 2 Our father eat forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell,
And we his children thus were brought
To death and near to hell.
- 3 Blest be the Lord, that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood,
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.
- 4 He honor'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd ;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.
- 5 Behold him rising from the grave,
Behold him rais'd on high ;
He pleads his merits there to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.
- 6 There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And, by his power divine,
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.
- 7 Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a sov'reign voice
Shall call, and break up every tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.
- 8 O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face,
And, with the bless'd assembly there,
Sing his redeeming grace.



S O N G I V.

Praise for Mercies spiritual and temporal.

- 1 **WHENE'ER** I take my walks abroad
 How many poor I see,
 What shall I render to my God
 For all his gifts to me !
- 2 Not more than others, I deserve,
 Yet God hath given me more ;
 For I have food while others starve,
 Or beg from door to door.
- 3 How many children in the street
 Half naked I behold !
 While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
 And cover'd from the cold.
- 4 While some poor wretches scarce can tell
 Where they may lay their head,

- I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.
- 5 While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.
- 6 Are these thy favors day by day
To me above the rest ;
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

S O N G V.

Praise for Birth and Education in a Christian Land.

- 1 GREAT God, to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong ;
I would begin my life with praise ;
Till growing years improve the song.
- 2 'Tis to thy sov'reign grace I owe
That I was born on Christian ground,
Where streams of heav'nly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.
- 3 I would not change my native land
For rich Peru, with all her gold ;
A nobler prize lies in my hand,
Than East or Western Indies hold.

- 4 How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance or darkness reigns,
They know no heaven they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains
- 5 Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my desire,
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.
- 6 Thy praise shall still employ my breath
Since thou hast mark'd my way to
heav'n;
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast giv'n.

S O N G VI.

Praise for the Gospel.

- 1 LORD I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a Heathen or a Jew.
- 2 What would the ancient Jewish kings,
And Jewish prophets, once have giv'n,
Could they have heard those glorious
things
Which Christ reveal'd and brought
from heav'n!

- 3 How glad the Heathens would have been
That worship idols, wood and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his gospel known.
- 4 Then if this gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes,
For all the Gentiles and the Jews,
Against me will in judgment rise.

S O N G VII.

The Excellency of the Bible.

- 1 GREAT God, with wonder and with
praise,
On all thy works I look ;
But still thy wisdom, pow'r and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 The stars that in their courses roll
Have much instruction giv'n,
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heav'n.
- 3 The fields provide me food and show
The goodness of the Lord ;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies ;
Here my desires are satisfy'd,
And hence my hopes arise.

- 5 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.
- 6 Here would I learn how Christ has dy'd
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heav'nly wonders tell.
- 7 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.



S O N G VIII.

Praise to God for learning to Read.

- 1 The praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught, and learnt so young,
To read his holy word.

- 2 That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin.
- 3 That I am led to see
I can do nothing well;
And whither shall a sinner flee
To save himself from hell?
- 4 Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.
- 5 Here I can read and learn
How Christ, the Son of God,
Did undertake our great concern,
Our ransom cost his blood.
- 6 And now he reigns above,
He sends his Spirit down,
To show the wonders of his love,
And make his gospel known.
- 7 O may that spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths which all thy servants
preach,
And all thy saints believe,
- 8 Then shall I praise the Lord,
In a more cheerful strain,

That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learnt in vain.

S O N G IX

The all-seeing God.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye,
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.
- 2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book tis writ,
Against the judgment-day.
- 3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there ;
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear?
- 4 Lord at thy foot asham'd I lie,
Upward I dare not look ;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.
- 5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.
- 6 O may I now forever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault.



S O N G X.

Solemn Thoughts of God and Death.

- 1 THERE is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heav'ns and earth and seas
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.
- 2 There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all what we must do ;
My soul to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just and true.
- 3 There is a gospel of rich grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw,
Lord, I repent and seek thy face ;
For I have often broke thy law.
- 4 There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come :

A thousand children young as I
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

- 5 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled :
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.
- 6 Just as a tree cut down that fell
To north or southward, there it lies ;
So man departs to heav'n or hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

S O N G XI.

Heaven and Hell.

- 1 THERE is beyond the sky
A heav'n of joy and love ;
And holy children when they die,
Go to that world above.
- 2 There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains ;
'There sinners must with devils dwell,
In darkness fire and chains.
- 3 Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end ?
And may I hope when'er I die,
I shall to heav'n ascend ?
- 4 Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath,

Lest I should be cut off to day,
And sent t' eternal death.

S O N G XII.

The advantages of early Religion.

- 1 HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instructions well ;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.
- 2 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes ;
A flow'r when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.
- 4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young ;
Grace will preserve our foll'wing years,
And make our virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign ;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.
- 6 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ my youngest breath :

Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days
Or fit for early death.

S O N G XIII.

The danger of Delay.

1 WHY should I say, " 'Tis yet too soon
" To seek for heav'n or think of
death ;"

A flow'r may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

(2 If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of heav'n,
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance giv'n.

3 What if the Lord grow wrath and swear,
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day.

4 What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offer'd grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place.

5 'Tis dang'rous to provoke a God ;
His pow'r and vengeance none can
tell ;

One stroke of his almighty rod
Shall send young sinners quick to hell.

- 6 Then 'twill forever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace ;
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my maker's face.

S O N G XIV.

Examples of early Piety.

- 1 WHAT blest examples do I find
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that begin to mind,
Religion in their youth !
- 2 Jesus who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.
- 3 At twelve years old he talk'd with men,
(The Jews all wond'ring stand)
Yet he obey'd his mother then,
And came at her command.
- 4 Children a sweet Hosanna sung,
And bless'd their Saviour's name,
They gave him honor with their tongue,
While Scribes and Priests blaspheme.
- 5 Samuel the child was wean'd and bro't
To wait upon the Lord ;
Young Timothy by times was taught
To know his holy word.

- 6 Then why should I so long delay
What others learnt so soon?
I would not pass another day
Without this work begun.

S O N G X V.

Against Lying.

- 1 O' TIS a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way ;
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.
- 2 But liars we can never trust,
Tho' they should speak the thing
that's true :
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it makes it two.
- 3 Have we not known, nor heard, nor read
How God abhors deceit and wrong?
How Annanias was struck dead,
Caught with a lie upon his tongue?
- 4 So did his wife Sapphira die,
When she came in and grew so bold,
As to confirm that wicked lie,
That just before her husband told.
- 5 The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth; but ev'ry liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone & with fire.

- 6 Then let me always watch my lips,
 Lest I be struck to death and hell,
 Since God a book of reck'ning keeps.
 For ev'ry lie that children tell.



S O N G XVI.

Against Quarrelling and Fighting.

- 1 LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
 For God hath made them so;
 Let bears and lions growl and fight,
 For tis their nature too.
- 2 But, children, you should never let
 Such angry passions rise;
 Your little hands were never made
 To tear each other's eyes.
- 3 Let love through all your actions run,
 And all your works be mild;

Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

- 4 His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And as his stature grew,
He grew in favor both with man
And God his father too.
- 5 Now Lord of all he reigns above,
And from his heav'nly throne,
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

S O N G X V I I .

Love between Brothers and Sisters.

- 1 **W**HATEVER brawls disturb the street
There should be peace at home,
Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come,
- 2 Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide and fight.
- 3 Hard names at first, and threat'ning
words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

- 4 The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another:
So wicked Cain was hurried on
Till he had kill'd his brother.
- 5 The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning light.
- 6 Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove;
That as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

S O N G XVIII.

Against Scoffing and calling Names.

- 1 OUR tongues were made to bless the
And not speak ill of men; [Lord,
When others give a railing word,
We must not rail again.
- 2 Cross words and angry names require
To be chastis'd at school;
And he's in danger of hell-fire,
That calls his brother fool.
- 3 But lips that dare be so profane,
To mock, and jeer, and scoff
At holy things, or holy men,
The Lord shall cut them off.

- 4 When Children in their wanton play,
 Serv'd old Elisha so,
And bid the prophet go his way,
 “Go up, thou bald-head, go.”
- 5 God quickly stop their wicked breath,
 And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to
 death,
 With blood, and groans, and tears.
- 6 Great God, how terrible art thou !
 To sinners e'er so young !
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
 To tame and rule my tongue.

S O N G X I X.

*Against Swearing, and Cursing, and taking
 God's name in vain.*

- 1 ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
 Adore thy name, Almighty God !
And devils tremble down to hell,
 Beneath the terrors of thy rod.
- 2 And yet how wicked children dare
 Abuse thy dreadful glorious name !
And when they're angry how they swear,
 And curse their fellows, and blas-
 pheme !
- 3 How will they stand before thy face,
 Who treated thee with such disdain,

- While thou shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain !
- 4 There never shall one cooling drop,
To quench their burning tongues
be giv'n ;
- But I will praise thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heav'n.
- 5 My heart shall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above :
'Tis that great God whose pow'r I fear
That heav'nly Father whom I love.
- 6 If my companions grow profane,
I'll quit their friendship when I hear
Young sinners take thy name in vain,
And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

S O N G XX.

Against Idleness and Mischief.

- 1 HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r !
- 2 How skilfully she builds her cell !
How neat she spreads the wax !
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.
- 3 In works of labor, or of skill,
I would be busy too ;

For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

- 4 In books, or works, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past ;
That I may give for ev'ry day
Some good account at last.

S O N G XXI.

Against Evil Company.

- 1 WHY should I join with those in play,
In whom I've no delight
Who curse and swear, but never pray ;
Who call ill-names and fight ?
- 2 I hate to hear a wanton song,
Their words offend my ears ;
I should not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.
- 3 Away from fools I'll turn my eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go :
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I may grow.
- 4 From one rude boy that us'd to mock,
They learn the wicked jest,
One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.
- 5 My God I hate to walk or dwell
With sinful children here ;

Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.

S O N G XXII.

Against Pride in Clothes.

- 1 WHY should our garments (made to hide
Our parents shame) provoke our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin,
Till Eve our mother learnt to sin.
- 2 When first she put the cov'ring on,
Her robe of innocence was gone,
And yet her children vainly boast
In the sad marks of glory lost.
- 3 How proud we are! how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
When the poor sheep and silkworm wore
That very cloathing long before.
- 4 The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I;
Let me be drest fine as I will,
Flies, worms and flow'rs exceed me still.
- 5 Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
These are the robes of richest dress.
- 6 No more shall worms with me compare;
This is the raiment Angels wear:

The Son of God when here below,
Put on his blest apparel too.

7 It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mold ;
It takes no spot, but still refines,
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

8 In this on earth would I appear,
Then go to heav'n and wear it there ;
God will approve it in his sight ;
'Tis his own work and his delight.

S O N G XXIII.

Obedience to Parents.

1 LET children that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say ;
With rev'rence meet their parents' word
And with delight obey.

2 Have ye not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word !

3 What heavy guilt upon him lies !
How cursed is his name !
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.

4 But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honor due,

Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

S O N G XXIV.

The Child's Complaint.

- 1 WHY should I love my sport so well,
So constant at my play ;
And lose the thoughts of heav'n and hell
And then forget to pray ?
- 2 What do I read my Bible for,
But, Lord, to learn thy will ?
And shall I daily know thee more,
And less obey thee still ?
- 3 How senseless is my heart, and wild !
How vain are all my thoughts !
Pity the weakness of a child,
And pardon all my faults.
- 4 Make me thy heav'nly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray,
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can say.

S O N G XXV.

A Morning Song.

- 1 MY God, who makes the sun to know,
His proper hour to rise,
And, to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

- 2 When from the chambers of the east
His morning-race begins
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.
- 3 So like the sun, would I fulfil
The bus'ness of the day ;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heav'nly way.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

S O N G XXVI.

An Evening Song.

- 1 AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise,
My comforts ev'ry hour make known
His Providence and grace.
- 2 But how my childhood runs to waste !
My sins, how great their sum !
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

- 4 With cheerful heart I close my eyes :
 Since thou wilt not remove ;
 And in the morning let me rise,
 Rejoicing in thy love.



S O N G XXVII.

For the Lord's-Day Morning.

- 1 THIS is the day when Christ arose-
 So early from the dead ;
 Why should I keep my eye-lids clos'd,
 And waste my hours in bed ?
- 2 This is the dawn when Jesus broke
 The pow'r of death and hell,
 And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
 And love my sins so well ?
- 3 To-day, with pleasure, Christains meet-
 To pray and hear the word ;

And I would go with cheerful feet,
To learn thy holy will.

- 4 I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
And so prepare for heav'n :
O may I love this blessed day
The best of all the sev'n !

S O N G XXVIII.

For the Lord's-Day Evening.

- 1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee !
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heav'n and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go ;
'Tis like a little heav'n below ;
Not all my pleasure and my play
Should tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The text and doctrines of thy word ;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.
- 4 With tho'ts of Christ, and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
That hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

The Ten Commandments from Old Testament put into short rhyme for Children.

Exodus, Chap. xx.

- 1 THOU shalt have no more gods but me;
- 2 Before no idol bow thy knee.
- 3 Take not the name of God in vain ;
- 4 Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane.
- 5 Give both thy parents honor due.
- 6 Take heed that thou no murder do.
- 7 Abstain from words & deeds unclean ;
- 8 Nor steal tho' thou art poor and mean ;
- 9 Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
- 10 What is thy neighbor's dare not covet.

The Sum of the Commandments out of the New Testament.

Matt. xxii. 37.

WITH all thy soul love God above,
And as thyself thy neighbor love.

Our Saviour's Golden Rule.

Matt. vii. 12.

BE you to others kind and true,
As you'd have other's be to you ;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again.

Duty to God and our Neighbor.

- 1 LOVE God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind ;
And love your neighbor as yourself ;
Be faithful just and kind.
- 2 Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you ;
What you're unwilling to receive
Be sure you never do.

Out of my Book of Hymns I have here added the Hosanna and Glory to the Father, &c. to be sung at the end of any of these Songs according to the direction of Parents or Governors.

The Hosanna ; or, Salvation ascribed to Christ.

Long Metre.

- 1 HOSANNA to King David's Son
Who reigns on a superior throne !
We'll bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.
- 2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage ;
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her King ?

Common Metre.

- 1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Grace,
Sion, behold thy King !
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.
- 2 Hosanna to th' eternal Word,
Who from the Father came ;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

Short Metre.

- 1 HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.
- 2 T' Christ, the anointed King,
Be endless blessings giv'n ;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.

Glory to the Father, Son, &c.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One ;
Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n,

Common Metre.

NOW let the Father and the Son
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him
known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

Short Metre.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son ;
And to the Spirit of his Grace
Be equal honor done.



A
SLIGHT SPECIMEN
OF
MORAL SONGS.

Such as I wish some happy and condescending genius would undertake for the use of children, and perform much better.

THE sense and subjects might be borrowed plentifully from the *Proverbs of Solomon*, from all the common appearance of nature, from all the occurrences of civil life, both in city and country; (which would also afford matter for other divine Songs.) Here the language and measures should be easy, and flowing with cheerfulness, with or without the solemnity of religion, or the sacred names of God and holy things, that children might find delight and profit together.

This would be one effectual way to deliver them from the temptations of loving or learning those idle, wanton or profane songs, which give so early an ill taint to the fancy and memory, and become the seeds of future vices.



S O N G I.

The Sluggard.

1 TIS the voice of the Sluggard ; I heard
him complain,

“ You have wak’d me too soon, I must
slumber again ; ”

As the door on its hinges, so he on his
bed,

Turns his sides, and his shoulders,
and his heavy head.

2 “ A little more sleep, a little more
slumber, ”

Thus he wastes half his days and his
hours without number ;

And when he gets up he sits folding
his hands,

Or walks about saunt’ring, or trifling
he stands.

- 3 I pass'd by his garden, and saw the
wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle, grow broad-
er and higher.
The cloaths that hang on him are turn-
ing to rags :
And his money still wastes, till he
starves or he begs.
- 4 I made him a visit still hoping to find
He had took better care from improv-
ing his mind :
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating
and drinking ;
But he scarce reads his bible, and ne-
ver loves thinking.
- 5 Said I then to my heart, 'here's les-
son for me ;
That man's but a picture of what I
might be :
But thanks to my friends for their care
in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love work-
ing and reading.

S O N G II.

Innocent Play.

1. ABROAD in the meadows to see the
young lambs
Run sporting about by the side of their
dams,

With fleeces so clean and so white ;
Or a nest of young doves in a large
open cage

When they play all in love without
anger or rage ;

How much may we learn from the
sight !

2 If we had been ducks, we might dabble
in mud ;

Or dogs, we might play till it ended in
blood ;

So foul and so fierce are their nature :
But Thomas and William and such
pretty names,

Should be cleanly and harmless as
doves or as lambs,

Those lovely sweet innocent creatures.

3 Nor a thing that we do, nor a word
that we say,

Should hinder another in jesting or play ;

For he's still in earnest that's hurt :

How rude are the boys that throw pebbles
and mire !

There's none but a madman will fling
about fire,

And tell you "tis all but in sport."



S O N G I I I .

The Rose.

- 1 HOW fair is the Rose ? what a beautiful flower !
 The glory of April and May :
 But leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
 And they wither and die in a day.
- 2 Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
 Above all the flowers of the field :
 When its leaves are all dead, and fine colors are lost,
 Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !
- 3 So frail is the youth, and the beauty of men,
 Tho' they bloom and look gay like the rose :

But all our fond care to preserve them
in vain ;

Time kills them as fast as he goes.

4 Then I'll not be proud of my youth or
my beauty,

Since both of them wither and fade ;

But gain a good name by well doing
my duty ;

This will scent like a rose when I'm
dead.

S O N G IV.

The Thief.

1 WHY should I deprive my neighbor
Of his goods against his will ?

Hands were made for honest labor,
Not to plunder or to steal.

2 Tis a foolish self-deceiving,
By such tricks to hope for gain :

All that's ever got by thieving,
Turns to sorrow, shame and pain.

3 Have not Eve and Adam taught us
Their sad profit to compute ?

To what dismal state they brought us
When they stole forbidden fruit ?

4 Oft we see a young beginner
Practise little pilfering ways,

Till grown up an harden'd sinner,
Then the gallows ends his days.

5 Theft will not be always hid den,
Tho' we fancy none can spy :
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.

6 Guard my heart, O God of Heaven,
Lest I covet what's not mine ;
Lest I steal what is not given,
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

S O N G V.

The Ant and Emmet

1 THESE Emmets, how little they are
in our eyes !

We tread them to dust, and a troop of
them dies,

Without our regard or concern :

Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to
their school,

There's many a sluggard, and many a
fool,

Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

2 They dont wear their time out in sleep-
ing and play,

But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,

And for winter they lay up their stores:

They manage their work in such regular
forms,

One would think they foresaw all the frosts
and the storms,

And so brought their food within doors.

3 But I have less sense than a poor creep-
ing Ant,

If I take not due care for the things I shall
want,

Nor provide against danger in time :

When death or old age shall stare in my
face.

What a wretch shall I be in the end of my
days,

If I trifle away all their prime.

4 Now, now while my strength and my
youth are in bloom,

Let me think what will serve me when
sickness shall come,

And pray that my sins be forgiven ;

Let me read in good books, and believe
and obey,

That when death turns me out of this cot-
tage of clay,

I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

S O N G VI.

Good Resolutions.

1 THO' I am now in younger days
Nor can tell what shall befall me.

I'll prepare for ev'ry place,
Where my growing age shall call me.

2 Should I e'er be rich or great,
Others shall partake my goodness ;
I'll supply the poor with meat,
Never shewing scorn nor rudeness.

3 Where I see the blind or lame,
Deaf, or dumb, I'll kindly treat them:
I deserve to feel the same
If I mock, or hurt or cheat them.

4 If I meet with railing tongues,
Why should I return them railing,
Since I best revenge my wrongs
By my patience never failing ?

5 When I hear them telling lies,
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing ;
First I'll try to make them wise
Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

6 What tho' I be low and mean,
I'll engage the rich to love me,
While I'm modest, neat and clean,
And submit when they reprove me.

7 If I should be poor or sick,
I shall meet, I hope with pity,
Since I love to help the weak,
Tho' they're neither fair nor witty.

8 I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended ;

- 10 See the lovely babe a dressing;
Lovely infant, how he smil'd!
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy child.
- 11 Lo! he slumbers in a manger,
Where the horned oxen fed;
Peace, my darling here's no danger,
Here's no ox a-near thy bed.
- 12 'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.
- 13 May'st thou live to know and fear him
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face and sing his praise!
- 14 I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

End of the Divine Songs.

THE
PRINCIPLES
OF THE
CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

Expressed in plain and easy Verse,

BY P. DODDRIDGE, D. D.

*Of our own Nature and its chief Glory and
Happiness.*

NOW for awhile aside I'll lay
My childish trifles and my play ;
And call my thoughts which rove abroad,
To view myself, and view my God :
I'll look within, that I may see
What I now am, what I must be.

I am the creature of the Lord ;
He made me by his pow'rful word ;
This body in each curious part,
Was wrought by his unfailing art ;
From him my nobler spirit came,
My soul, a spark of heav'nly flame ;
That soul by which my body lives,
Which thinks, and hopes, and joys and
grieves,
And must in heav'n or hell remain,
When flesh is turned to dust again.

What business then should I attend?
Or what esteem my noblest end?
Sure it consists in this alone,
That God my Maker may be known;
So known that I may love him still,
And form my actions by his will;
That he may bless me while I live,
And when I die my soul receive,
To dwell forever in his sight,
In perfect knowledge and delight.



*The Knowledge of God, and our Duty to
be learnt from the Bible,*
HOW shall a little infant learn,
This great, this infinite concern,
What my almighty maker is,
And what the way this God to please?
Shall some bright angel spread his wing,
The welcome message down to bring?

Or must we dig beneath the ground,
Deep as where silver mines are found.

I bless his name for what I hear ;
The word of life and truth is near ;
His gospel sounds through all our land :
Bibles are lodg'd in every hand :
That sacred book, inspir'd by God,
In our own tongue is spread abroad :
That book may little children read,
And learn the knowlege which they need ;
I'll place it still before my eyes,
For there my hope and treasure lies.

*Of the Nature and Attributes of the blessed
God.*

GOD is a spirit none can see ;
He ever was, and e'er shall be ;
Present where'er his creatures dwell,
Thro' earth and sea, thro' heav'n and hell.

His eye with infinite survey,
Views all their realms in full display ;
What has been, is, or shall be done,
Or here, or there, to him is known :
Nor can one thought arise unseen,
In mind of angels or of men :
Yet far above all anxious cares,
Calmly he rules his grand affairs ;
While wisdom infinite attends,
By surest means, the noblest ends.

Majestic from his lofty throne
He speaks, and all his will is done ;
Nor can united worlds withstand
The force of his almighty hand ;
Yet ever righteous are his ways,
Faithful and true whate'er he says :
The holy, holy, holy Lord,
By all the angelic hosts ador'd.

The bounty of his gracious hands,
Wide as the world he made extends ;
And tho' himself completely bless'd,
With pity looks on the distress'd,
And by his Son, our Saviour dear,
To sinners brings salvation near.

All that is glorious, good and great,
Does in the Lord Jehovah meet :
Then to his name be glory giv'n
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

Of God's relation to us.

THE Lord my Maker I adore,
Created by his love and power ;
He fashion'd in their various forms,
Angels and men, and beasts and worms,
And all their well-rang'd orders stand ;
Supported by his pow'rful hand.

Father of light, amidst the skies
He bids the golden sun arise ;
He scatters the refreshing rain,
To cheer the grass and swell the grain ;

And ev'ry day presents the food
That satisfies my mouth with good.

At home, abroad, by night, by day,
He is my guardian and my stay ;
And sure 'tis fit my soul should know,
He is my Lord and sov'reign too.

O may that voice that speaks his law,
My heart to sweet obedience draw ;
That when I see the Judge descend,
I in that Judge may see my Friend.

The Sum of our Duty to God and Man.

THE knowledge which my heart desires
Is but to learn what God requires :
Speak then the word, my Father dear,
For all my soul's awake to hear :
And O, what joy my breast must move
To hear that all thy law is love !

This is the sum of ev'ry part,
To love the Lord with all my heart,
With all my soul, with all my might,
And in his service to delight :
That I should love my neighbors too,
And what I wish from them should do.

How short and sweet, how good and plain
Easy to learn and to retain !
O may thy grace my soul renew !
And 'twill be sweet to practise too.

How our Love to God is to be expressed.

SINCE love is as my duty known,
How must this love to God be shown?
Sure I the highest thoughts should raise
Of him who is above all praise ;
His favors most of all desire,
And still to please him should aspire :
To him be constant worship paid ;
And all his sacred laws obey'd :

If to afflict me be his will,
I'll bear it with submission still :
A tender father sure he proves,
And but corrects because he loves

His word with diligence I'll hear ;
To him present my daily pray'r ;
And while new mercies I implore,
For blessings past I will adore ;
And ev'ry action shall express
A heart full charg'd with thankfulness.

How love to our Neighbor should be expressed.

I BY my love to men must prove,
How cordially my God I love :
To those whom he hath cloth'd with pow'r
I would be subject ev'ry hour ;
To parents, and to rulers too,
Pay honor and obedience due ;
In ev'ry word would truth preserve
Nor let one act from justice swerve.

In all my feeble hands can do,
The good of all I would pursue ;
And where my pow'rs of action fail,
Kind wishes in my heart prevail
For ev'ry man, whoe'er he be
Stranger, or Friend, or Enemy.'

Since by God's pard'ning grace I live,
Well may I all my foes forgive :
And, as Christ's word and pattern show'd,
Conquer their evil by my good.

*Sins to be avoided in Thought, Word and
Action.*

GUARD me, O God, from ev'ry sin,
Let heart, and tongue, and life be clean !
Tho' with ten thousand snares beset,
I never will my Lord forget.

Fain would I learn to lay aside
Malice, and stubbornness and pride ;
Envy, and ev'ry evil thought ;
Nor be my breast with anger hot :
Each other passion wild and rude,
I long to feel by grace subdu'd.

When thus my heart is well prepar'd,
My tongue I easily shall guard
From ev'ry oath and curse profane,
Nor take Gods rev'rend name in vain :
No sacred things shall I deride,
Nor scoff, nor rail, nor brawl, nor chide :

My soul will ev'ry lie detest,
And ev'ry base indecent jest.

This humble wachful soul of mine
Shall with abhorrence then decline
The drunkard's cup, the glutton's feast,
That sink the man below the beast ;
Th' injurious blow, the wanton eye ;
The loss of hours that quickly fly ;
And that which leads to ev'ry crime,
The vain mispence of sacred time ;
What brings dishonor on God's law,
Or what on man would mischief draw.

Of the misery which sin hath bro't upon us.

WHO can abide God's wrath, or stand
Before the terrors of his hand ?
Jehovah's curse what heart shall dare
To meet ? or what be strong to bear ?

He ev'ry good can take away,
And ev'ry evil on us lay :
Can by one single word bring down
The tallest head that wears a crown ;
The statesman wise, the warrior brave,
To moulder in the silent grave :
And send the wretched soul to hell,
To the fierce flames where devils dwell,
For endless years to languish there,
In pangs of infinite despair.

I then poor feeble child, how soon
Must I dissolve before his frown !

And yet his frowns and veng'ance too,
I, by my sins have made my due.

Is there no hope, and must I die?
Is there no friend, nor helper nigh?
Is it beyond repeal decreed,
That ev'ry soul that sins must bleed?
O let my longing, trembling ear
Some sound of grace and pardon hear!
My soul would the first news embrace,
And turn its trembling into praise.

*Of the Gospel, or the News of Salvation by
Christ.*

WHAT joyful tidings do I hear!
'Tis gople grace salutes my ear:
And by that gracious sound I find,
This righteous God is mild and kind.

Jesus, his holy Son, displays
The wonders of his Father's grace;
The great salvation, long foretold
By prophets to the Jews of old,
Is now in plainer words made known,
As to th' apostles clearly shown.
By this bless'd message bro't from heav'n
Pardon, and peace, and grace is giv'n.

O may I know that Saviour dear,
Whom God hath represented there!
And that eternal life receive,
Which he has sent by God to give.

Who Christ is, and how he lived on earth.

JESUS ! how bright his glories shine !
 The great Immanuel is divine ;
 One with the father he appears,
 And all his Father's honors shares ;
 Yet, he, to bring salvation down,
 Has put our mortal nature on.

He in a humble virgin's womb
 A feeble infant did become ;
 A stable was his lodging made,
 And the rude manger was his bed.
 Growing in life he still was seen
 Humble, laborious, poor and mean,
 The Son of God from year to year,
 Did as a carpenter appear.

• At length when he to preach was sent,
 Thro' towns and villages he went,
 And travell'd with unwearied zeal,
 God's will and nature to reveal.

To prove the heav'nly truths he taught
 Unnumber'd miracles were wrought ;
 The blind beheld him, and the ear
 Which had been deaf, his voice could
 Sickness obey'd his healing hand, [hear ;
 And devils fled at his command ;
 The lame for joy around him leap ;
 The dead he wakens from their sleep.

Thro' all his life his doctrine shines
Drawn in the plainest, fairest lines ;
And death at length did he sustain,
Our pardon and our peace to gain ;
That sinners who condemned stood,
Might gain salvation by his blood ;
All honor then ascribed be,
To him who liv'd and dy'd for me ?
Of Christ's death, resurrection & ascension.

JESUS, the righteous ! lo, he dies,
For sin a spotless sacrifice !
Justice has on his sacred head
The weight of our transgressions laid.
If God's own Son would sinners save,
He must be humbled to the grave ;
That so a pard'ning God might shew
What veng'ance to our crimes was due.

Nail'd to the cross with tort'ring smart,
What anguish rack'd his tender heart !
Alas, how bitterly he cry'd !
Tasted the vinegar and dy'd !
Cold in the tomb that mournful day,
My Saviour's mangled body lay,
Well may I blush, and weep to see
What Jesus bore for love of me.

But O my soul, thy grief refrain,
Jesus the Saviour lives again !
On the third day the Conq'erer rose,
And greatly triumph'd o'er his foes ;

Prov'd his recover'd life, and then
Ascended to his heav'n again.

Exalted on a shining throne,
At God's right hand he sits him down,
To plead the merits of his blood,
And rule for all his people's good :
Wide o'er all worlds his power extends,
And well can he protect his friends ;
May I in that blest band appear,
Secure from danger and from fear.

Of the Nature of Faith and Repentance.

THEY must repent and must believe,
Who Christ's salvation would receive ;
O may the spirit faith impart,
And work repentance in my heart !

Bless'd Jesus who can be so base
As to suspect thy pow'r of grace !
Or who can e'er so stupid be,
To slight thy blessings, Lord and thee !
With humble, rev'rent hope and love
I to thy gracious feet would move,
And to thy care my all resign,
Resolv'd to be forever thine ;
Secure, if thou vouchsafe to keep
My feeble soul among thy sheep.

The sins and follies I have done,
Humbled in dust I would bemoan ;
And while past guilt I thus deplore,
I would repeat that guilt no more ;

But by a life of zeal and love
True faith and penitence approve :
So shall thy grace my sins forgive,
Jesus shall smile, and I shall live.

Of the assistance and influence of the blessed Spirit.

'TIS not in my weak power alone,
To melt this stubborn heart of stone,
My soul to change, my life to mend,
Or seek to Christ, that gen'rous friend.

'Tis God's own spirit from above,
Fixes our faith, inflames our love,
And makes a life divine begin
In wretched souls long dead in sin.

That most important gift of heav'n,
To those that ask and seek is giv'n:
Then be it my immediate care,
With importunity of pray'r
To seek it in a Saviour's name,
Who will not turn my hope to shame.

God from on high his grace shall pour ;
My soul shall flourish more and more,
Press on with speed from grace to grace,
Till glory end and crown the race.

Since then the Father and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glorious beyond all speech and thought,
Have jointly my salvation wrought :

I'll join them in my songs of praise,
Now, and through heavens eternal days.

Of the Means of Grace which God hath appointed.

WHAT kind provision God has made,
That we may safe in heaven be led !
For this the prophets preach'd and wrote,
For this the bless'd apostle taught ;
Taught, as that Spirit did inspire,
Who fell from heav'n in tongues of fire,
And gave them languages unknown,
That distant lands his grace might own.
His hand has kept the sacred page
Secure from men's and devils' rage.

For this he churches did ordain
His truths and worship to maintain ;
For this he pastors did provide,
In those assemblies to preside ;
And from the round of common days,
Mark'd out our sabbaths to his praise :
Delightful day ! when Christians meet
To hear, and pray, and sing, how sweet !

For this he gives, in solemn ways,
Appointed tokens of his grace :
In sacramental pledges there,
His soldiers to their General swear ;
Baptiz'd into one common Lord,
They joyful meet around his board ;

Honor the orders of his house,
And speak their love, and seal their vows.

Of the Design and Obligation of Baptism.

IN baptism wash'd we all must be,
In honor of the sacred Three,
To shew how we are wash'd from sin,
In Jesus' blood and born again
By grace divine, and thus are made
Members of Christ, our common head.

The father formed the glorious scheme,
And we adopted are by him.

The Son, great prophet, priest and king,
Did news of his redemption bring ;
He by his death our life procured,
And now bestows it as our Lord.
The holy Spirit witness bore
To this bless'd gospel heretofore :
And teaches those he's purify'd,
Faithful and patient to abide.

Into these names was I baptiz'd,
And be the honour justly priz'd ;
Nor let the sacred bond be broke,
Nor be my covenant God forsook,
Thus wash'd I keep my garments clean,
And never more return to sin.
One body now all Christians are ;
O may they in one spirit share !
And cherish that endearing love,
In which the saints are blest above !

*On the Nature and Design of the Lord's
Supper.*

THE mem'ry of Christ's death is sweet,
When saints around his table meet,
And break the bread and pour the wine,
Obedient to his word divine.

As they the bread and cup receive,
So while on Christ their souls believe,
They eat his flesh, they drink his blood ;
Cordial divine, and heav'nly food !
Their cov'nant thus with God renew,
And love to ev'ry christian show.

Well may their souls rejoice & thrive :
O may the blessed hour arrive,
When, ripe in knowledge and in grace,
I at that board shall find a place !
And now, what there his people do,
I would at humble distance view ;
Would look to Christ with grateful heart,
And in their pleasure take my part ;
Resolv'd while such a sight I see,
To live to him who dy'd for me.

Of the Nature and Office of Angels.

MY soul, the heav'nly world survey,
The regions of eternal day :
There Jesus reigns, and round his seat
Millions of holy angels meet.

Those moving stars, how bright they
How sweetly all their voices join [shine !

To praise their Maker, watchful still
To mark the signals of his will ;
While with their out-stretch'd wings
they stand,
To fly at his divine command.

All happy as they are and great,
Yet scorn they not on men to wait :
And little children in their arms
They gently bear, secure from harms.
O may I, with such humble zeal,
My heavenly Father's word fulfil !
That I when time has run its race,
May with bless'd angels find a place,
Borne on their friendly wings on high,
To joys like theirs, which never die.

Of the Fall and State of the Devils.

WELL may I tremble when I read
That sin did heav'n itself invade :
Curs'd pride, with subtilty unknown,
Perverted angels near God's throne ;
They sinn'd against his holy name,
And hateful devils they became :
But wrath divine pursu'd them soon,
And flaming vengeance hurl'd them down.

Now in the pangs of fierce despair,
Pris'ners at large they range in air ;
Walk thro' the earth, unheard, unseen,
And lay their snares for thoughtless men ;

Tempt us to sin against our God,
And draw us to hell's downward road.

But God can all their power restrain :
My Saviour holds them in his chain,
Till at his bar they all appear,
And meet their final sentence there.

On Death.

LORD, I confess thy sentence just,
That sinful man should turn to dust,
That I ere long should yield my breath,
The captive of all conq'ring death.

Soon will the awful hour appear,
When I must quit my dwelling here ;
These active limbs, to worms a prey,
In the cold grave must waste away ;
Nor shall I share in all that's done
In this wide world, beneath the sun.

To distant climes, and seats unknown,
My naked spirit must be gone :
To God its maker must return,
And ever joy or ever mourn.

No room for penitence and prayer,
No farther preparation there
Can e'er be made ; the thought is vain ;
My state unalter'd must remain.
Awake, my soul, without delay,
That if God summons thee this day,
Thou cheerful at his call may'st rise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

On the Resurrection of the Dead.

WHAT awful ruins death has made !
How low the wise and great are laid !
Alike the saints and sinners die ;
Mould'ring alike in dust they lie.
But there's a day shall change the scene ;
How awful to the sons of men !

When the arch-angel's trump shall
 sound,
And shake the air and cleave the ground,
Jesus enthron'd in light appears,
Circled with angels, bright as stars :
' Rise, ye that sleep,' the Lord shall say :
And all the earth, and all the sea,
Yield up the nations of the dead,
For ages in their bowels hid.
Bone knows its kindred bone again,
All cloth'd anew with flesh and skin :
Each spirit knows its proper mate ;
They rise in array vast and great.

But oh ! what diff'rent marks they bear,
Of transport some, and some of fear ;
When marshall'd in the Judge's sight,
These to the left, those to the right,
That they may that last sentence hear,
Which shall their endless state declare !
My soul in deep attention stay,
And learn th' event of such a day.

Of Judgment and Eternity. Heaven and Hell.

WHEN Christ to judge the world descends,

Thus shall he say to all his friends ;

“ Come, blessed souls, that kingdom

“ My father did for you prepare [share,

“ Ere earth was founded : come & reign

“ Where endless life and joy remain.”

Then to the wicked—“ cursed crew,

“ Depart, heav’n is no place for you :

“ To those eternal burnings go,

“ Whose pangs the rebel angels know.”

He speaks, and straight his shining

With fiery thunder in their hands, [bands

Drive them away ; hell’s lake receives

The wretched on its flaming waves ;

Justice divine the gates shall bar,

And for a seal affix despair.

While Jesus rising from his throne,

Leads his triumphant army on,

To enter their divine abode,

In the fair city of their God.

There everlasting pleasures grow,

Full rivers of salvation flow ;

And all their happiness appears ;

Increasing with eternal years.

*The Conclusion, in a practical Reflection
on the Whole.*

AND now, my heart, with rev'rend awe,
From hence thine own instruction draw.
I at this judgment must appear :
I must this solemn sentence hear,
(As I'm with saints or sinners plac'd)
'Depart ye curs'd,' or 'come ye bless'd.'
For me the fruits of glory grow ;
Or hell awaits my fall below.

Eternal God ! what shall I do ?
My nature trembles at the view ;
My deathless soul herself surveys,
With joy, and terror, and amaze.
O be thy shield around me spread,
To guard the spirit thou hast made !
Save me from snares of earth and hell,
And from myself preserve me well ;
Lest all the heav'nly truths I know,
Should aggravate their guilt and woe !
'Thy power in weakness is display'd,
If babes by thee be conq'rors made,
If satan's malice shall confound,
And heav'n with praises shall resound.

FINIS.







